Numb. LIII.

The SPECTATOR.

—Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus. Hor.

Tuesday, May 1. 1711.

MY Correſpondents grow ſo numerous, that I cannot avoid frequently inſerting their Applications to me.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am glad I can inform you, that your Endeavours to adorn that Sex, which is the faireſt Part of the viſible Creation, are well receiv'd, and like to prove not unſucceſsful. The Triumph of *Daphne* over her Siſter *Letitia* has been the Subject of Converſation at ſeveral Tea-Tables where I have been preſent; and I have obſerv'd the fair Circle not a little pleas'd to find you conſidering them as reaſonable Creatures, and endeavouring to baniſh that *Mahometan* Cuſtom which had too much prevail'd even in this Iſland, of treating Women as if they had no Souls. I muſt do them the Juſtice to ſay, that there ſeems to be nothing wanting to the finiſhing of theſe lovely Pieces of Human Nature, beſides the turning and applying their Ambition properly, and the keeping them up to a Senſe of what is their true Merit. *Epictetus*, that plain honeſt Philoſopher, as little as he had of Gallantry, appears to have underſtood them, as well as the Polite *St. Evremont*, and has hit this Point very luckily. *When Young Women*, ſays he, *arrive at a certain Age, they hear themſelves call'd* Miſtreſſes, *and are made to believe that their only Buſineſs is to pleaſe the Men; They immediately begin to dreſs, and place all their Hopes in the adorning of their Perſons; it is therefore*, continues he, *worth the while to endeavour by all Means to make them ſenſible that the Honour pay'd to them is only upon Account of their conducting themſelves with Virtue, Modeſty, and Diſcretion.*

'Now to purſue the Matter yet further, and to render your Cares for the Improvement of the Fair Ones more effectual, I wou'd propoſe a new Method, like thoſe Applications which are ſaid to convey their Virtue by Sympathy; and that is, that in order to embelliſh the Miſtreſs, you ſhou'd give a new Education to the Lover, and teach the Men not to be any longer dazl'd by falſe Charms and unreal Beauty. I cannot but think that if our Sex knew always how to place their Eſteem juſtly, the other wou'd not be ſo often wanting to themſelves in deſerving it. For as the being enamour'd with a Woman of Senſe and Virtue is an Improvement to a Man's Underſtanding and Morals, and the Paſſion is ennobled by the Object which inſpires it; ſo on the other Side, the appearing amiable to a Man of a wiſe and elegant Mind, carries in it ſelf no ſmall Degree of Merit and Accompliſhment. I conclude therefore, that one way to make the Women yet more agreeable is, to make the Men more Virtuous.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

R. B.

SIR, *Arpil* 26.

'YOURS of *Saturday* laſt I read, not without 'ſome Reſentment; but I will ſuppoſe when 'you ſay you expect an Inundation of Ribbons and 'Brocades, and to ſee many new Vanities which the 'Women will fall into upon a Peace with *France*, that 'you intend only the unthinking part of our Sex: 'And what Methods can reduce them to Reaſon is 'hard to imagine.

'But, Sir, there are others yet that your Inſtructions might be of great uſe to, who, after their beſt 'Endeavours, are ſometimes at a loſs to acquit themſelves to a Cenſorious World: I am far from thinking you can altogether diſapprove of Converſation 'between Ladies and Gentlemen, regulated by the 'Rules of Honour and Prudence, and have thought 'it an Obſervation not ill made, that where that was 'wholly denied the Women loſt their Wit, and the 'Men their good Manners. 'Tis ſure, from thoſe 'improper Liberties you mentioned, that a ſort of 'undiſtinguiſhing People ſhall baniſh from their 'Drawing-Rooms the beſt bred Men in the World, 'and condemn thoſe that do not. Your ſtating this 'Point might, I think, be of good uſe, as well as 'much oblige,

SIR,

Your Admirer, and

moſt Humble Servant,

ANNA BELLA.

No Anſwer to this, 'till Anna Bella *ſends a Deſcription of thoſe ſhe calls the Beſt bred Men in the World.*

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a Gentleman who for many Years laſt paſt have been well known to be truly Splenatick, and that my Spleen ariſes from having contracted ſo great a Delicacy, by reading the beſt Authors, and keeping the moſt refined Company, that 'I cannot bear the leaſt Impropriety of Language, 'or Ruſticity of Behaviour. Now, Sir, I have ever look'd upon this as a wiſe Diſtemper, but by late Obſervations find that every heavy Wretch, who has 'nothing to ſay, excuſes his Dulneſs by complaining 'of the Spleen. Nay, I ſaw, the other Day, two 'Fellows in a Tavern Kitchen ſet up for it, call 'for a Pint and Pipes, and only by Guzling Liquor to each other's Health, and wafting Smoak in 'each other's Face, pretend to throw off the Spleen. 'I appeal to you, whether theſe Diſhonours are to be 'done to the Diſtemper of the Great and the Polite. 'I beſeech you, Sir, to inform theſe Fellows that 'they have not the Spleen, becauſe they cannot talk 'without the help of a Glaſs at their Mouths, or 'convey their Meaning to each other without 'the Interpoſition of Clouds. If you will not 'do this with all ſpeed, I aſſure you, for my part, I

'will

' will wholly quit the Diſeaſe, and for the future be
' merry with the Vulgar.

I am, SIR,

Your Humble Servant.

SIR,

' THIS is to let you underſtand, that I am a re-
' formed Starer, and conceived a Deteſtation
' for that Practice from what you have writ upon the
' Subject. But as you have been very ſevere upon
' the Behaviour of us Men at Divine Service, I hope
' you will not be ſo apparently partial to the Wo-
' men, as to let them go wholly unobſerved. If
' they do every thing that is poſſible to attract our
' Eyes, are we more culpable than they for looking
' at them? I happen'd laſt *Sunday* to be ſhut into a
' Pew, which was full of young Ladies in the Bloom
' of Youth and Beauty. When the Service began, I had
' not room to kneel at the Confeſſion, but as I ſtood
' kept my Eyes from wandring as well as I was able,
' 'till one of the young Ladies, who is a Peeper,
' reſolved to bring down my Looks, and fix my
' Devotion on her ſelf. You are to know, Sir,
' that a Peeper works with her Hands, Eyes, and
' Fan; one of which is continually in motion,
' while ſhe thinks ſhe is not actually the Admiration
' of ſome Ogler or Starer in the Congregation. As
' I ſtood utterly at a loſs how to behave my ſelf,
' ſurrounded as I was, this Peeper ſo placed her ſelf
' as to be kneeling juſt before me. She diſplay'd the
' moſt beautiful Boſom imaginable, which heav'd and
' fell with ſome fervour, while a delicate well-ſhaped
' Arm held a Fan over her Face. It was not in Nature
' to command ones Eyes from this Object; I could
' not avoid taking notice alſo of her Fan, which had on
' it various Figures, very improper to behold on that
' occaſion. There lay in the Body of the Piece a *Venus*,
' under a Purple Canopy furled with curious Wreaths
' of Drapery, half naked, attended with a Train of
' *Cupids*, who were buſied in Fanning her as ſhe ſlept.
' Behind her was drawn a Satyr peeping over the
' ſilken Fence, and threatning to break through it.
' I frequently offer'd to turn my Sight another way,
' but was ſtill detained by the Faſcination of the
' Peeper's Eyes, who had long practiſed a skill in
' them, to recal the parting Glances of her Beholders.
' You ſee my Complaint, and hope you will take
' theſe miſchievous People, the Peepers, into your
' Conſideration: I doubt not but you will think a Pee-
' per as much more pernicious than a Starer, as an Am-
' buſcade is more to be feared than an open Aſſault.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt Obedient Servant.

This Peeper uſing both Fan and Eyes to be conſider'd as a Pict, *and proceed accordingly.*

King Latinus *to the* Spectator, *Greeting.*

' THO' ſome may think we deſcend from our Impe-
' rial Dignity, in holding Coreſpondence with a
' private *Litterati*; yet as we have great Reſpect to
' all Good Intentions for our Service, we do not
' eſteem it beneath us to return you our Royal
' Thanks for what you publiſhed in our Behalf,
' while under Confinement in the Inchanted Caſtle
' of the *Savoy*, and for your Mention of a Subſidy
' for a Prince in Misfortune. This your timely
' Zeal has inclined the Hearts of divers to be aid-
' ing unto us, if we could propoſe the Means.
' We have taken their Good-will into Conſidera-
' tion, and have contrived a Method which will be
' eaſy to thoſe who ſhall give the Aid, and not un-
' acceptable to us who receive it. A Conſort of
' Muſick ſhall be prepared at *Haberdaſhers-hall* for
' *Wedneſday* the Second of *May*, and we will ho-
' nour the ſaid Entertainment with our own Pre-
' ſence, where each Perſon ſhall be aſſeſſed but at
' two Shillings and Six Pence. What we expect
' from you is, that you publiſh theſe our Royal In-
' tentions, with Injunction that they be read at all
' Tea-Tables within the Cities of *London* and *Weſt-
' minſter*, and ſo we bid you heartily Farewell.

Latinus, *King of the* Volſcians.

Given at our Court in Vinegar-Yard, *Story the 3d from the Earth.* April 28, 1711.

In *Spectator*, Numb. LI. Col. 4. Line 4. for *Honour* read *Humour*.

Compleat Setts of this Paper, for the Month of March, are to be ſold by Mr. Graves in St. James's Street; Mr. Lewis under Tom's Coffee-Houſe, Covent-Garden; Mr. Lillie, Perfumer, the Corner of Beaufort-Buildings; Mr. Sanger at the Temple Gate, Mr. Knapton in St. Paul's Church-Yard, Mr. Round in Exchange Ally, and Mrs. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

At the Deſire of ſeveral Ladies of Quality.
For the Benefit of Mrs. Bradſhaw.
By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane, this preſent Tueſday, the firſt of May, will be preſented a Play called, The Fatal Marriage, or The Innocent Adultery. The part of Iſabella to be perform'd by Mrs. Bradſhaw, Fernando by Mr. Dogget, Count Baldwin by Mr. Keene, Villeroy by Mr. Wilks, Biron by Mr. Booth, Carlos by Mr. Powell, Frederick by Mr. Mills, Sampſon by Mr. Bullock, Jaqueline by Mr. Bowen, and Victoria by Mrs. Porter.

This Play is ſold by Jacob Tonſon at Shakeſpear's Head over againſt Catherine ſtreet in the Strand.

A large Collection of Manuſcript Sermons preach'd by ſeveral of the moſt eminent Divines, for ſome Years laſt paſt, are to be Sold at the Bookſeller's Warehouſe in Exeter Change in the Strand, Where may be had ready Mony for any Library or Parcel of Books.

A Curious Collection of Pictures (moſt of which are lately come from Abroad) to be Sold by Auction this preſent Tueſday the 1ſt of May, at 10 a-Clock in the Forenoon, at the Croſs Keys next Door but one to Mr. Thwait's at the Fountain Tavern in the Strand; where they are to be ſeen from this Morning to the time of Sale, and Catalogues to be delivered out as above, as alſo at Mr. Charles Lillie's, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beaufort Buildings in the Strand.

At the Requeſt of ſeveral Foreigners lately arrived, The Maſquerade in Old Spring Garden, Charing-Croſs, will be this preſent Tueſday, being the Firſt Day of May. Note, That upon this Occaſion a Gentleman is pleaſed to give for the Diverſion of the Maſquers, an Entertainment of Muſick, both Vocal and Inſtrumental, by ſome of the beſt Maſters in London: This Entertainment will begin exactly at Ten a Clock. Tickets may be had at Mr. Thumonde's in King's Court, Ruſſel-ſtreet, Covent-Garden, and at the Houſe in Spring Garden; price Half a Guinea. No perſon whatſoever to be admitted Unmask'd or Arm'd.

This Chryſtal Coſmetick approv'd of by the worthy Dr. Paul Chamberline, (viz.) By waſhing Morning or Evening, cures all red Faces proceeding from what Cauſe ſoever, it takes off all Morphews, Pimples and Freckles; it's of a ſoft Nature, cleanſing and adorning the Face and Hands of both Sexes in a very Beautiful Manner, and may be uſed with as much ſafety as Milk, having in it no Mercury (ſo frequently made uſe of) or any other thing that may be prejudicial to the Body, being the beſt of this Nature now extant. Price of the larger Bottle ſix Shillings, the leſſer three Shillings. Sold at Mr. Allcroſts over againſt the Royal Exchange, Cornhill, Mr. Jackſon's the Corner of Wood-Street, Cheapſide; formerly ſold at the Comb, but now removed to the Seven Stars under St. Dunſtans Church, Fleet-Street. Mr. Bracknocks at the upper end of St. James's Street Piccadilie. Note, to prevent counterfeits, each ſingle Bottle with Directions is tied and ſealed with this Coat of Arms, being a Fret with a Lion Rampant on a Canton.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in; as alſo by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.